

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Sciences and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 289.

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1859.

PRICE 1½d.

ENGLAND FROM THE CAFFRE POINT OF VIEW.

OTHELLO, in his 'traveller's history,' told of antres vast and desarts idle, of rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven, of cannibals that eat each other, and, most strange of all, of men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders. When an uncivilised barbarian is taken from his native wilderness to some crowded centre of civilisation, and is afterwards sent back to his former companions, he has more wonderful things to speak of in his 'traveller's history,' than Othello could find for the gentle Desdemona's ear. A short time since, a very curious and notable illustration of this occurred in the colony of Natal. A party of native Zulus had been conveyed to England, to exhibit their barbarous costume, and to dance their grotesque war-dances, before their wondering white-skinned brethren of the north. After they had completed their engagement, and filled the pockets of the speculator who was at the cost of their expedition, they were, most of them, sent back home, in accordance with a colonial law, which requires that no native shall be removed from the colony without being deposited upon his own shores within a specified time. One of the adventurers, a shrewd young Zulu, made good use of his eyes while he was upon his travels; and, on a particular occasion, was induced to give a narrative of the most remarkable things he had seen, to a party of graybeards and chiefs who were gathered round him, to hear what he had to say, and who were curious to know, from the testimony of an eye-witness of their own race, how far the reports of the greatness of the English nation were worthy of belief.

The old men and chiefs were gathered in a circle, squatting upon the ground, with their keen curiosity hidden beneath that dignified look of imperturbable indifference which magnates of barbarian races deem it essential to their important positions to assume. Upon this occasion there was also perceptible, every now and then, a glance of unmistakable incredulity. The young man, who had been made 'older than his elders,' by far travel, sat in the midst of the circle, and thus began his narrative*:

Going on the sea was a hard thing for us to do; but we said, we will try; others have gone, and gone safely. Shall we have a different fate, because we are black? At first, the ship went well enough; soon it

began to lean from side to side, and it felt loose in the water, so that we said it will fall over; we saw no reason why it should remain upright. Presently, we became very sick, and could eat nothing, and we thought we should die; our hearts turned behind us, and we lamented for our friends. At length, however, we found ourselves recovering, and the ship still keeping its right position, so that we said, all may yet go well with us. We reached Cape Town, and thought that a great place, until we had seen the towns of England. After leaving Cape Town, we lost sight of the land; and we said to ourselves, how can the ship find its way without a path—before, behind, and on every side is nothing but sea? We here thought we must all die in this waste together, and began to bewail our state; but the white men laughed at us, and told us that they saw their way in the sky. We hoped this might be true; but we could not see a path there. Then we said, if we die, these men will die too. Surely, they do not laugh and joke when they are going to die. The thought of this gave us hope. One day the captain of the ship told us we should see land on the morrow, and that would shew us that he knew where he was. Sure enough, the next day we did see land, and our bodies melted into comfort. This land, however, was not England; it was an island in the sea. We did not reach England until the third moon.

We were then told that we were in the mouth of a great river, and soon after that London was before us. Our eyes could not see London, though. We saw only a great cloud of smoke, and poles standing out of the water like reeds in a marsh. We went in among the poles, and found that they were the masts of ships; and then our ship stood still.

This London is the great place of the English, and it is indeed a great place. We never saw the end of it; we tried hard to find the end, but could not. We climbed a very high building, formed like a pole, to look for it; but our sight was still filled with streets, and houses, and people. We then heard that there were many people who had been born there, and had grown old there, and yet had never seen the end; so we said, if this be so, why should we who are strangers look for the end. We will give up the search.

The people in London are so many that they tread upon one another; all day and all night the streets are filled with a crowd. At first, we thought some great thing had happened, and said, let us wait till the people have passed on; but they never did pass. The surface of the earth is too small to hold the people, and some of them live under the ground, and some even under the water. The London river is as

* This narrative is taken from the actual words of a young Zulu, who returned to Natal after spending a twelvemonth in England and other civilised countries; it has reached us from a source which places its authenticity beyond question.

broad as one part of the Bay of Natal; over this the English have built a bridge which people and wagons can cross upon: there are also boats by which you can get over the water. But there is further a passage cut under the river, through which people and wagons can go to the other side without knowing that they have passed water at all, and in which people live. This passage under the water is not dark; fire gives light. I do not know why the people should have made a passage under the water, when there were good and ready roads above it, and plenty of boats. I believe they made it only because they wished to have it so.

Besides the crowd in the streets and on the land, the water is covered with large and small ships, all filled with people going backward and forward, up and down. These people live on the water because there is no room for them on the land. When I saw the crowd of the English, I was glad that England was not joined on to our land, for if it were, the crowd would come here and trample us all into the earth with their boots.

The houses in London are so tall that they shade the streets from the sun until mid-day. The spirits of the place live in some of the highest buildings, in places where men never go. They utter a wailing sound by day and by night, which we often heard.

There is no country in the land; there is no room for wild-grass to grow. If the grass were not fenced in like a melie-ground, it would all be trodden down. I went to many parts of England, away from London, but I saw nothing but houses and fences. There is no place anywhere more open than the great Umgungundhlovi (Maritzburg, the capital of Natal). A man in that land can never be alone.

When I went about in England, I travelled in a wagon drawn by another wagon; and I moved so fast, that my eyes were puzzled. If you were to start from this place, in the same way, at daylight in the summer-time, and were to go to the Bay of Natal (fifty miles off), you could be back again soon after sunrise. In that land, when you want to go quickly, you do not ride upon a horse, as people do here; you take the horse with you into the wagon, and he feeds as he goes along. The wagon moves so fast, that your horse cannot keep up with it, so you must take him into the wagon. One wagon draws a great many others—I never could make out how. It is a large kettle on wheels, full of water, with a fire under it to make it boil. Before the water boils, many loaded wagons are tied on behind, for the moment the water boils, the kettle on wheels runs away upon its own road. If the water were to boil without the wagons being fastened to the kettle, I do not know where it would run to. These wagons have straight, level roads of their own, upon which nothing else comes. Valleys are built up, and hills bored through, to make the road, and strips of iron are put into the ground to keep it tight. People who go in the wagons often find themselves in the dark, amidst sparks, and in a dreadful noise, rushing along under the hills.

We saw very few oxen in London, and yet there is plenty of beef. The cows give a great deal of milk; they are kept in stables, and fed there like horses. One cow there gives as much milk as a kraalful would here. The milk runs until the milker is tired. The cows have better houses in England than the white chiefs have in Natal; but they never see the sun. The oxen are brought into London from a great distance in wagons, feeding all the way. The wagons are drawn by a hot-water wagon. In England, oxen ride in the wagons instead of drawing them. We saw herds of oxen coming into London dragged along over the tops of the houses, because there was no room for them any other way.

Money is made in London; people there hardly care to look at it. Rich men are obliged to build big houses to keep their money in. We saw many big houses in London built for nothing else but to hold money. Many people in London are very rich, but there are many, too, that are very poor. The place is so large, that there must be all sorts of men.

The English people never take any notice of one another; they noticed us because we were black. They were at war with the Ama Rusi when we were in the land; but when they are at war, they never allow any fighting in their own country. Whenever they fight, they go out to meet the enemy in his own place. But the war makes no difference to the people. They never care about it, because they know they will beat. It is only the soldiers who go out to fight. We saw the soldiers entering the ships to go out to fight; we saw, too, ships that had been taken from the Ama Rusi brought in.

We saw many very odd things in London—things that we could not at all understand. I saw more than I can tell you, and yet I saw nothing. Some of the party who went with me over the sea stayed behind, because they had not seen enough, and wished to see more. I, with my own eyes, saw men mount into the sky, and go higher than the eagle; they went up, not with wings, but in a basket, which was tied to a large round bag filled with smoke. The bag looked like a big calabash, with the mouth downward, and the basket hanging under it. There were two people sitting in the basket, and the bag was let go, and took them up. I looked at it until my eyes were tired, and it had become smaller than a bird. They flung sand down upon the people beneath; some fell upon me. They went up, because they had some work there to do; but I do not know what it was.

I saw dogs carry letters, and monkeys fire off guns; I saw a horse dance to a drum, and make a bow to the people who looked at him; I saw elephants, and crocodiles, and tigers, and sea-cows, living in houses; I saw a big snake coil himself round a man, and put his head into the man's mouth, and untwist himself when he was ordered to do so; I saw men stand on their heads, and walk on their hands, for money, and I paid my own money to see them do it. When we went to England, we thought all we had heard of the white men was made too big; when we saw for ourselves, we said that all was nothing that we had heard before.

We saw many things that were very good; but we saw one thing which we did not like, and which frightened us. The English people make ready places to bury themselves in when they die. But they don't want to bury more than they can help, because the ground is but small; so they take some persons when they are dead to doctoring-houses, and cut them up and dry them there. When a man dies in the streets—and many do so, because the streets are always full—if he has no brother or friend, he is taken to a house, and papers are put out to ask who he is. If no one claims him, he is next sent to a doctoring-house, and there, if the doctors like, they cut him open, and look into him, and find out why he died. The doctors in England learn to cure the sick by looking into dead men. The doctors there like dead men; and we were told of people who will even steal them out of their graves. When one of our party died, he was only buried because we were there. We heard afterwards that he was taken out of his grave again, and cut up to see if he was made like white men. We were once taken to the door of doctoring-house, and when we were at the door, we saw dead men standing up as if they were alive, and so we were afraid to go in. This cutting up of dead people looks very much as if they knew how to

'takata' (use witchcraft), and perhaps they do, for the doctors in England know everything.

The people in England are like grass for number; but the food is more abundant than the people. At first, we thought, 'where shall we get food, when there are so many people of the country to eat it themselves?' We did not see it growing, nor where it could grow. Yet a man can fill himself there for sixpence, much better than here, and, indeed, have more than he can eat. We afterwards learned that money was used to bring in the food of other countries. There is plenty of *umbila* (Indian corn) in England, but we never looked at it. We ate bread and drank beer. We only liked *umbila* again after we returned home.

We saw the great houses where clothes and iron things were made; we saw, too, the people who make them, and so found out that it is not true, as we have always heard here, that these things are made by a race of people with only one eye. We went to the house where the money is made, but there was a soldier at the door who would not let us go in. We, however, heard them making the money very fast from where we stood.

Now, although I have told you so much, yet I have told you nothing; I was but just beginning to see, myself, when I came away. When I went from this country, I thought the blacks were beyond the white people in number; now I have seen for myself that there are no black people at all. Men here say that the whites are but few; it is only because they have not yet come. If they were all here, they would dig down the mountains, and build up the valleys, and we should be like dogs on a flat howling for their homes. We know no work; they can work for themselves. There is nothing that they cannot do. You here have believed that you were strong, when you were nothing. It would put an end to many false thoughts if every chief in Natal could be taken to see England.

With this shrewd remark, the young traveller made an end of his tale. A grave and significant silence of some minutes ensued, and the patriarch of the party then, looking up from his reverie, remarked: 'Young man, we thank you for your news. You have made us older than we were, but you are still older yourself; you have seen with your eyes what we only hear with our ears. Eyes are more to be relied upon than ears, and it would be well to see as well as hear, as you say. But what old man would cross the sea!'

THE ANATOMY OF TIME.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

THE word *Time*, by etymology, signifies a *cut*, a portion *cut off*; the primary root of it being the same as that which shews itself in the words *anatomy*, a cutting up; *atom*, that which cannot be cut, and in several others.

In such, for the most part, the idea of *cutting* is easily enough to be recognised; but what connection is to be discovered between cutting and that which we call *Time*? This: eternity, in very early ages, was figured by a circle, as having neither beginning nor end; and time, which has had the one, and will have the other, was considered as a segment cut from that circle—as if it had been said: You may turn a hoop round and round for ever without finding an extremity to it; but take a cut out of it, and in that cut you have two extremities forthwith.

But time itself is cut into various divisions; it is of these divisions that, chiefly, we are about to

treat; and hence the title of our article. We call them the *measures* of time; and with us they are years, months, weeks, days, hours, minutes, and seconds. Let us consider whence they have originated, and what properly they are.

It is to be observed, in the first place, that these measures may be divided into natural measures and arbitrary measures. The natural arise from physical phenomena, and are the day and the year; the former being that lapse of time in which the earth rotates once round its own axis; the latter, that in which it revolves once round the sun. All other measures of time are arbitrary; that is to say, it is not by any physical facts that they are determined. There is no such fact, for instance, to serve as any ground for our dividing the day into twenty-four hours rather than into twenty hours, or into any other number of hours.

Beginning, then, with the two natural divisions of time, we have to note this distinction between them: that the one, namely, the day, is a comparatively obvious division; while the other, the year, is far from being so. While the alternations of light and darkness determine, at least in a rough way, the former, it is in a much rougher way that the latter is determined by the succession of the seasons; and as regards precise measurements, while by means of the sand-glass or the clepsydra, or other mechanical instruments, a tolerably exact measure was easily enough found from noon to noon, it was only when and where astronomical science had reached a high state of development, that the exact measure from vernal equinox to vernal equinox could be settled. Even when it was settled, it was not always at once acted upon. In this country, for instance, it was only in 1752, little more than a century ago, that the 'new style,' as it was called, became the legal style, though Pope Gregory XIII. had reformed the Roman calendar so long previously as 1582. The corrected calendar, indeed, has not even yet been universally adopted: in Russia, for example, and wherever the influence of the Greek religion prevails, the old style is maintained to this day. This is why we sometimes see in the newspapers that the dates of intelligence from Russia or Greece are double. In the books of those countries they are often printed the one above the other, as thus, ^{21 Oct.} Battle of Inkermann. The error of the old style, we may mention here, arose from the year being computed as consisting of 365 days, 6 hours, exactly, instead of 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 50 seconds; and it had been going on accumulating since 45 B.C., at which date Julius Cæsar established the year called after him the Julian year. That year was a great improvement, so far as it went; for, previously, a discretionary power as to the year had been left to the Pontifex Maximus, who frequently abused it for political purposes; so that all had become confusion. But it did not go far enough, and the neglect of minutes and seconds had gradually involved a miscalculation amounting to days. The error, when the change was made in this country, amounted to eleven days; and the rectification of it was accomplished in the year mentioned above, by the 3d of September being counted the 14th of that month. Not, indeed, without considerable clamour from the ignorant, who felt as if actually deprived of a portion of their appointed time. 'Give us back the eleven days we have been robbed of,' was a popular election-cry in Oxfordshire; and an illness which befell Bradley, the astronomer-royal, who had advised the ministers of the crown on the measure, was widely regarded as a punishment for his having done so.

We have said that the day is a comparatively obvious division of time; it is not, however, so obvious a one as might at first sight be supposed. A race of men who had sunk into the savage state would not

easily, on re-emerging from it, arrive at the conclusion that, from one noon to another, the times are always equal.* Nay, they would be apt to believe the contrary: the weary nights of winter—supposing them placed in the temperate zone—contrasting with the pleasantly passing summer-days, would surely lead them to believe, that from noon to noon in the cold season, was much longer than from noon to noon in the warm. They have no clocks to shew the real fact. The only time-measure they have is the distance they can travel between noon and noon; and it will be long indeed before they recognise and apply even this rude measure. But further, they have at first no idea of noon at all; they do not know that the sun will always be, at the same time every day, in the same line of the sky; and further still, supposing them to have at last reached so far—after long-continued observation of some natural dial, the shadow, we shall say, cast by the top of a great rock—they still do not know that noon is equidistant between sunrise and sunset. If any reader doubt the difficulties we here hint at, let us ask him to suppose himself suddenly called upon to explain and prove to such a tribe what a day really is. It would task his ingenuity, we suspect, and we should like to hear the lecture he would deliver. For he is to be allowed no instrument of any kind; no time-piece, and no compass—the use of such mysterious things being altogether unknown to his auditors; nor is he to help himself by employing any such terms as ‘day’ or ‘hour,’ seeing that, familiar indeed as those terms are to him, they are but *terms* for the very things the *nature* of which he is to demonstrate and make plain to a people altogether ignorant of it.

So much for the *abstract* day: let us now consider the days of the week as they are known to us by their English names; and in doing so, let us compare those names with those assigned to them in one or two other languages.

The first is the day of the Sun, Sunday. So also it is in Latin,† and in German: being *Dies Solis* in the one, *Sonntag* in the other. But not so is it in French; those, our neighbours, call it *Dimanche*. *Dimanche*?—a curious-looking word, especially as *manche* means a sleeve, and is also the name given to the English Channel. Yet the French give a better name to the day than the Germans and we do; unwittingly, indeed, for the most part, and little thinking, when they make *Dimanche* their day, not of rest, but of exhausting pleasures, that the etymological signification of the word is the *Lord's Day*. So it is, however; *Dimanche* is a corrupt contraction of the Christian Latin, *Dies Dominicus*.

Monday is the day of the Moon, *Montag*, *Dies Luna*, *Lundi*, and we have no more to say of it. Tuesday is the day of Tys, Tiu, or Tuisko, the god of war in the old German mythology, and so corresponding to the Mars of the Romans; whence, in Latin, Tuesday is *Dies Martis*, and in French *Mardi*. The modern Germans, however, call it *Dienstag*, which their etymologists derive from the old word *Ting*, signifying a council, because it was on Tuesdays that their councils met, to deliberate, or think. The words *Ting* and *think* are, indeed, evidently cognate; but another cousin of *Ting* still survives in our language, and is very frequently heard of without his relationship being suspected; the *hustings* on which candidates appear at an election are, by derivation, nothing else or less than the *hus-tings*, or *ting's house*.

Wednesday is the day of Woden, or Olin, the chief deity of the Germans (their supreme Alividur, or Father of All, being, of course, excepted), and

undoubtedly the same as the oriental Buddha. Here, again, the old name has been preserved in English, while the Germans have lost it—they being now content to call Wednesday by the simple name of *Mittwoche*, signifying that it is the middle day of the week. In French it is *Mercredi*, from the Latin *Dies Mercurii*, the day of Mercury. Thursday is the day of Thor, corresponding in some respects to the Jupiter of the Romans, whence in Latin it is *Dies Jovis*, and in French, *Jeudi*. The Germans call it, after the thunder, instead of the thunderer, *Donnerstag*. Friday is the day of Freya, the German Venus; whence, in German, it is called *Freitag*, and in French, from the Latin, *Vendredi*. Saturday is the day of Seater, or Saturn: in Latin it is *Dies Saturni*, and in French, *Samedi*; which may be a corruption of the other: the Germans, generally, now call it *Sonnabend*—that is to say, Sunday-eve; but in some parts of Germany it is still called *Saterdag*.

Coming now to the other natural division of time, namely, the year, we shall consider, in the first place, how we correct the error which would arise if we counted it as consisting of 365 days exactly. The first correction is made by our counting 366 days in every fourth year—every leap-year, as we call it—by adding a day to the month of February; and this simple correction, it is obvious, would be sufficient, if the year consisted of 365 days and a quarter exactly. But, as we have already said, the year consists, not of 365 days 6 hours exactly, but only of 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 50 seconds;* and this difference of 11 minutes 10 seconds, small as it is, requires to be provided for, unless at future periods our descendants are to take, again and again, such jumps as that taken by our ancestors in 1752, and pass over several whole days at a time. Accordingly, the following rule has been prescribed: *Although leap-year falls on all centesimal years, such as 1800, 1900, 2000, and so on, such years shall not be counted leap-years, unless the number of centuries be divisible by four.* And the working of this rule may thus be stated shortly:

If the year contained 365 days 6 hours exactly, leap-year would keep all right:

But the year is 11 minutes 10 seconds less than this, so that, in one hundred years, we should be 1110 minutes ($11' 10'' \times 100$) in advance of the proper time:

Consequently, every centesimal year we omit to count a leap-year, thereby subtracting a day, or 1440 minutes:

But this, again, is striking out too much by 330 minutes (1440—1110) in the century:

Wherefore, once in four hundred years, we are to let the centesimal leap-year stand, and be counted as such—namely, when the number of the centuries is divisible by four—thereby, in four hundred years, adding 1440 minutes.

Such is the rule. It is plain, however, that as, in the last correction, we had only 1320 minutes (4×330) to add, in order to make our reckoning exact, we shall, after all, be more than an hour and a half wrong in the twenty-second century. This will make an error amounting to a day, in some five thousand years hence—if the world last so long. But our posterity must look to it: we really do as much for them, in this way, as can reasonably be expected of us.

Having thus considered the *duration* of the year, we next come to consider at what point of time each year is made to take its beginning.

Now, it is to be observed, that though the year, as a measure of time, is a natural division, it is by an altogether arbitrary arrangement that we have chosen

* Strictly speaking, they are not always exactly equal; but we do not aim here at scientific accuracy.

† Since the time of Theodosius I.

* More exactly, 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 49·62 seconds, or 365·242341 days.

to make it begin when we do. If we had chosen the summer or winter solstice, or the vernal or autumnal equinox, our choice would have had a philosophical foundation; but it was one of mere convention when we fixed upon the 1st of January. Our conventional beginning, too, is comparatively of very recent date; up to the year 1752, the year in England began on the 25th of March, being Annunciation Day. This applies, however, only to the civil, and not to the historical year—the latter having all along been reckoned from the 1st of January. Nevertheless, historical mistakes in dates may, and, indeed, do frequently occur from neglecting to allow for the change. Thus, for instance, when we speak of the 'Glorious Revolution of 1688,' it is erroneously that we do so; for although the act of convention, or parliament, which accomplished the revolution, passed in what was the month of February 'eighty-eight at that time, it is evident that after putting back the beginning of the year to the 1st of January, we should count, now, that important February as having belonged to 'eighty-nine. An amusing example of this mistake is afforded by a chronological table now before us. It was published in 1791; professes to give the 'Remarkable Events, Inventions, and Discoveries' from the creation up to that date; and contains the following information with regard to 1688:

1688.

Nov. 5. The Revolution in Great Britain begins.
Dec. 3. King James abdicates, and retires to France.
Feb. 16. King William and Queen Mary, daughter and son-in-law to James, are proclaimed.

As if William and Mary had begun to reign nearly ten months before James II. had fled the country.

In connection with the year, it now only remains for us to speak of the era or the point from which we begin to reckon—not the individual year, but our series of years. This, which is necessarily an arbitrary point, is, with all Christian nations, the year in which Jesus Christ was born; hence the letters A.D. for *Anno Domini*, in the year of the Lord; and according to the common reckoning, we are now in the year 1859. The best chronologers, however, are agreed in holding that the era has been erroneously fixed—it was only fixed in the sixth century, and by an abbot of Rome—and we are told that the true year of Christ's birth was four, or, as some say, five years earlier than that thus assigned to it; so that we should count the current year as 1863 or 1864. To rectify this now, however, would be worse than useless. As to non-Christian peoples, the Jews, among themselves at least, reckon from the creation; and the present year, according to the version they adopt, is 5620. The ancient Jews, we may remark in passing, reckoned very variously, dating sometimes from the Creation, sometimes from the Flood, sometimes from the Exodus, sometimes from the building of the Temple, sometimes from the Babylonian Captivity. All the Mohammedan nations date from the Hegira, or the flight of Mohammed from Mecca to Medina on the 16th of July 622. Their year 1275 will begin on the 1st of August of this year; and the apparent discrepancy which will doubtless be remarked here, is explained by the fact, that they reckon by years of twelve lunar synodical months, so that they are always getting in advance as to the number of the years they count by their system, besides having the beginning of their year, notwithstanding some intercalary days they use, constantly shifting through the seasons.

The only other epochs which need detain us are those which were employed by the Greeks and the Romans; but these deserve some attention, for it is well to know how the chronology of Greek and Roman history is to be reduced to ours. The Greeks,

then, reckoned by Olympiads, or the periods of four years each which elapsed between the stated celebrations of the Olympic games. Let an example serve and suffice to shew how a date given in Olympiads is to be brought into our chronology. Xerxes began his great expedition against Greece in the third year of the seventy-fourth Olympiad. Seventy-three complete Olympiads of four years each, or 292 years, together with two years of the seventy-fourth, had thus elapsed from the date assigned to the first Olympiad, namely, 776 B.C. Subtract, therefore, 294 from 776; this gives 482; and as the invasion took place in the third year of the seventy-fourth Olympiad, we find the date of it to be 481 B.C.*

The Romans, again, reckoned from the date which they assigned to the foundation of Rome, namely, 753 B.C.; hence the letters A.U.C., these being the initials of *ab urbe condita*, meaning 'from the foundation of the city.' Consequently, to find what year in our chronology answers to a date given A.U.C., we have simply to subtract that date from 753, if it is less than that number, or to subtract 753 from it, if it is greater. Thus, for an example of the former case: the Romans would have said that the Carthaginians under Hannibal entered Italy 535 A.U.C.; this, subtracted from 753, gives 218, which is the date B.C. of the Punic invasion. And thus, for the other case, the Romans would have dated the capture of Jerusalem by Titus as having taken place 823 A.U.C.; subtracting 753 from which date, we have the date 70 A.D.

In an ensuing paper, we shall consider the purely arbitrary divisions of time.

THE OAKS OF FAIRHOLME.

I WONDER whether it would be possible for me to write down the curious experiences of my youth. I am not old now, though more than thirty years have passed since I first saw the light shining on the upper windows of the house of which I am now the mistress. The sun as it sunk in the west always lit them up, before my father's great barn hid the view of the old Hall from us.

Most people thought Fairholme a dull place, but I remember liking it very much when I was a child. The squire was a tall, dignified man, not very popular with his tenantry. He came down only for a few months in the year; during the remainder, the house was shut up. It was said that, when younger, he had a pleasanter manner, and that it was the want of an heir to his property that soured his temper. As long as I can remember anything—almost before I understood the meaning of the words—I heard of quarrels and bitterness at the great house.

The squire's lady was older than her husband, and very plain in person. I think she must have been slightly deformed, for she was always so closely wrapped up, that it was difficult to trace the outline of her figure. To the best of my belief, she never set her foot to the ground—at least, I never saw her walking. The carriage came round at a stated hour to a side-door of the old house, and her maids, it was said, lifted her into it. She never visited, or received company, and the state of her health was such that not a day passed without her seeing our village doctor. About once a week, a physician from London came down to her. Still, she grew neither better nor worse; and there were persons ill-natured enough to declare that her ailments were all fanciful. Every one was astonished when a report reached Fairholme

* More strictly, as the Olympic period commenced at the 1st of July, we must reckon sometimes from 776 B.C., sometimes from 777 B.C. A date falling in the first half of the year must be counted from the former, and one falling in the second half, from the latter epoch.

from London, where the squire and his lady were spending the season, that she was expecting her confinement. It was true, nevertheless; and the family returned to the country earlier than usual that year, that she might be kept quiet. The heir, too, must be born at Fairholme. The place had descended from sire to son for centuries, and each succeeding landlord had first seen the light under that ancient roof. Bonfires were piled upon the hills when the time drew near. The church-bells were to be set ringing, and a feast was to be given in the park to all the tenantry, far and near.

I was just eight years old then, and we lived in the farmhouse by the church, at the upper end of the village. My parents were plain, hard-working people, and it was through the squire's favour that they were enabled to rent the land they held. He had lowered the terms, because he had a liking for my father, who had worked as a labourer on the farm which he now occupied. My mother had been dairy-maid at the Hall in the old master's lifetime, and had saved a little money; but still they were poor people, and squared accounts with difficulty at the year's end, after all their labour.

We were expecting to hear the bells ring, and to see the great piles of wood on the hill-tops lighted, when word came down from the great house that there were to be no rejoicings, no bell-ringing, nor, in short, any notice whatever to be taken of the birth of the squire's first child. For, after all, it was only a daughter!

I could not understand that this made much difference in the matter, and I longed to see the baby; but my mother cried when she heard the news, and said: 'Ah, poor lady, he will love her less than ever now!'

I do not know whether this was the case or not. There was not much time, it seemed, to decide it, for, an hour afterwards, the London physician's carriage rattled past—the second that had come through the village that day—and we heard that the baby's mother, our poor lady, was dying.

Ours was the nearest house, and perhaps for that reason we were always more interested than other folks in what was passing at the Hall. When the servants were at a loss for anything, they often applied to us rather than go further; and my mother always kept the best poultry, in case it should be wanted for the squire's table. Sometimes the mistress would fancy a loaf of our home-made bread, of my mother's baking, which was always sweet and good, better than the rolls and twists the housekeeper made to tempt her delicate, sickly appetite. It was not likely that my mother, who had a young family of her own, should not want to know how she was getting through her trial.

It was but a step to the great house, for the grove was just opposite our windows, and the servants had left the gate open in their hurry. In general, we never went through the plantation, but it was half a mile round by the road, and no one exactly knew that day what they were doing; so my mother caught me by the hand, and went across and under the deep shade of the evergreens, to know what was the matter.

I believe she was ashamed of her intrusion when, at a turn in the winding walk, we came suddenly upon the master. He was walking up and down with his brows knit together, and such an expression of disappointment in his face as I never saw dwelling on any human features before. My mother stood aside to let him pass, and courtesied deeply, holding me back from his path; but I question whether he ever noticed who it was, though he made a careless motion with his head. I can see him now, with the marks of sorrow and annoyance on his handsome haughty face, and his thoughts legibly printed on his furrowed

brow. It was evident that he had set whatever hopes of happiness were left to him upon that cast, and he had lost his stake.

My mother did not venture to speak, even to apologise for intruding on his privacy; and as I have said, he was too much occupied with his own troubled thoughts to pay much attention to anything that passed before him. We only saw him for an instant; but when we reached the great house, the servants were setting out to look for him, and were glad to be told where he was. The poor babe was ill, and my lady's death was expected to take place every moment.

The little child was smaller than anything I could have imagined. It lay in the handsome cradle provided for the young heir of Fairholme like a waxen doll or a dead baby, so still that at first I fancied it was not alive. There was only one woman in the room; the rest were with their mistress. It was indeed not considered to be a matter of importance at that moment whether the poor little girl lived or died.

I thought differently, and so, I am sure, did my mother. She took the pretty little creature out of its cradle, and held it gently, in a kind, motherly way, in her arms. It seemed happy there, and gradually, as she warmed and caressed it, some faint colour stole into its face. Then she let me touch it, and I kissed my dear young lady for the first time. From that moment, I loved her.

The squire's wife did not die then, but she never was strong enough to leave her bed afterwards. My mother had been able, I heard, to think of some simple remedy which the doctors despised; but be that as it may, she derived more benefit from it than she had done from their prescriptions, and she never forgot the obligation. While it was being tried, my mother put the young baby into my arms, while the nurse was busy preparing its food. She knew that I might be trusted, for I had nursed both my little twin-brothers in turn when they were not older than this waxen darling. The child stopped the little feeble moan it had just begun to make, and, opening its blue eyes widely, looked up at me. Then the muscles of its tiny mouth, which had been drawn up fretfully, relaxed, and the infant smiled for the first time in its life in my face.

From that time, I went often to the great house. The child had taken a fancy to me, and was never quiet or happy except when it was in my arms. Its health was delicate, and my mother always said, that, in consequence of the great disappointment occasioned by its proving to be a girl, the servants followed the example of their master, and neglected it. I do not know whether this were the case, and whether, as she said, the child had had a fall, or whether it inherited its mother's infirmity of constitution, but it was a long, long time before it could use its limbs. I used to draw it about in the tiny carriage, in which it lay at full length. The child was so small that its weight made scarcely any difference.

After a time, the little lady was able to sit up, and play with the flowers gathered for her. There was nothing in the world I would not have done for her amusement. I am afraid I did not love my own sturdy little brothers half as well; but, then, they had tender parent to care for them, and, before the time when my darling first learned to put her delicate feet to the ground, she was motherless.

Whatever might have been the case previously, after he lost his first wife, the squire's heart opened to his little daughter. He would come and sit for hours in the garden while we were at play, and help to draw her about when I was tired. The costliest toys were provided for her, and, certainly, there was no lack of care now taken in bringing her up; but she was never strong or like other girls of her age. The

least change in the weather affected her; and when she was five years old, the physicians said that she would never bear to spend another winter in England.

It was a sore struggle with my mother on the morning when the squire stopped his horse at our gate to ask her to give up her little daughter to him. Though he was a man of few words, he had a way with him which few could gainsay. He would, he said, provide handsomely for me, and I should have the position in his house of an elder daughter. Times were hard enough for the farmers just then; but I am sure his liberal offers had a very small share in winning my mother over.

I do not know what kind of feeling it was that made me even then fancy that I could leave father and mother, and follow that dark, haughty,^{*} silent man, and his little sickly child, to the world's end. He scarcely ever spoke to me, but there was music in his few courteous words, and an imperious influence exercised by the mere turn of his head. I knew exactly what pleased him, and I taught Julia the secret of conciliating her fastidious parent, before I understood how I had learned it myself. Now, as I stood trembling beside my mother, the tears that sprang to my eyes were not from regret or timidity. The little girl at the great house seemed to belong to me; something like a mother's love filled my heart for the baby I had held in my arms so soon after its birth. I thought that she would die if I left her; and I believe that the squire, calmly as he proffered his petition, believed that his child's life depended upon its being granted.

My earnest wish carried the day, and I was allowed to accompany my darling. She was very ill at first; and if, in addition to sickness and debility, she had been obliged to contend with the deep feelings of regret which it would have cost her to part with her playmate, she would have broken down under the trial. My mother, in her own motherly way, had foreseen this. 'Poor little heart,' she said, 'she will never bear to part with Lucy. Let the children bide together.'

My father had taken a different view of the case, but it was one favourable to my wishes. Troubles were coming fast upon him, and he was glad to see my prospects so securely settled. It was a great surprise to him when the squire, after receiving his consent, graciously offered him the post of bailiff during his absence. It was a proof of confidence for which he was deeply grateful, and he felt that he owed it in a great measure to me. He was very sorry to part with his own girl, when the time of separation arrived; but it was too late to draw back; so, with many tears, I separated from my kind friends; and a few hours afterwards we were tossing on the waves of the Channel, sorry enough, now that the time was come, to leave the people and the place we loved behind us.

I am speaking for Julia and myself, as we lay crying in our cots. I do not think that her father cared much at that time for leaving England. His life had not been a happy one; and now, with his little daughter's fate in his charge, he seemed to be beginning the world anew. A sense of responsibility awoke within him. He watched the child narrowly. It was difficult for any one who attended upon her to serve her with sufficient assiduity, and he parted successively with all the attendants he had brought out with him. Before we had been a winter in Italy, our household was entirely remodelled. The *contadina*, with their bright locks and warm foreign manners, pleased his artistic taste. He engaged two women fresh from their sunny homes in the bosom of the smiling hills around Albano to wait upon Julia, and

the child caught up their beautiful language immediately.

In sensibly, our manners, perhaps our characters, changed. Living in that Italian clime, the eye fed upon sights of all that was loveliest in nature and art; our minds expanded rapidly, and very soon I felt that I could not have returned to the homely life I had quitted. No one knew who or what I was; and as we wandered from place to place, for Julia's health required constant change, I was taken sometimes for her elder sister, at others for her aunt, and on one occasion, as time went on, for her mother.

I shall not easily forget that day. We were sitting on the terrace in front of the villa in which we were residing for a time near Turin, when some insect crept out of the vine-leaves in the basket of fruit Julia was carrying, and stung her hand. I was frightened, and flew to her, for she was still a perfect child, and cried bitterly. An artist, who was sketching the view of the Alps from our garden, made a picture of us, while the child lay crying in my arms, as mother and daughter. When the sketch was finished, he handed it to Julia's father, entreating his acceptance of the portraits of his wife and daughter, as a return for his kind hospitality.

Julia laughed when she perceived his mistake; but her father made no effort to explain matters. He took the drawing, thanked the artist, saying that the likenesses were extremely good, and he should value it excessively. The next time I went into his room with Julia, I saw it hanging on the wall, opposite to his accustomed seat, mounted in a costly frame with a wide margin. Underneath the sketch was written, in his own hand, 'Madre e Figliuola.'

In spite of our unremitting care, Julia, as she grew up, did not become stronger. Her fair complexion was so exquisitely flushed with the rosy hue of health, as we persisted in calling it, that we disguised to ourselves the fact that those pearly tints and warm, fitful blushes were the harbingers of deadly disease. I scarcely recollect what position I held in the establishment during our long attendance upon her; I only know that it was one of great responsibility, and that when it ended—when, after wandering from land to land, we laid her at last to rest under the myrtle and orange-groves of Seville—it seemed to me that I was indeed, by the sacred chain of suffering, her mother!

My deep childish respect for her father still abided with me, but a tenderer feeling mingled with it as we sorrowed over her grave together. It was on my arm that he, the strong, haughty, powerful man leaned when we visited the spot, and saw the moonlight gleaming on the marble slab which contained the record of her short life and of our never-ending sorrow. I felt that his form trembled—the words he tried to speak died upon his lips unuttered; perhaps, if he had spoken in that softened hour, the colour of our destiny might have been altogether different.

Very little communication had passed between me and my parents during these years of foreign travel. Now that my task was ended, I began to contemplate my return to them. Must I confess that the idea filled me with unmitigated dread.

I put aside the thought, and tried to regard my graver companion as a parent, but it was less easy to do so than formerly. As his deep grief wore slowly away, that proud, haughty nature unbent, and we became for the first time friends. I had no other companion now, and we read together books of Italian poetry, the language of which was more familiar to me than my native tongue. Our servants regarded us as near relatives. No curiosity was excited, as would have been the case in England, by our residing under the same roof. For some time, all went on smoothly.

One morning, when I was drawing in the shady court or garden at the back of the house, into which the apartments opened which had been appropriated to Julia and myself, her father suddenly stood beside me. It was very seldom that he broke in upon my solitude—for we met usually with some ceremony. I did not understand the meaning of his disturbed glances, but something in his manner struck me as peculiar, and I began to put away my pencils and brushes. He was so much agitated that I thought he might wish to be left alone with the memory of his daughter.

"Stay, Lucia," he said, when he saw that I was about to leave him—"Lucia," he added, smiling. "How much better I like the Italian pronunciation of our cold English words and names. Do you not think that you might almost pass for a native of the sunny peninsula, after all the years you spent there?"

"Possibly," I answered with some surprise; "Italy seems more like a home to me than England. But I suppose," I said, hesitating, unwilling to lose the opportunity he had afforded—"that I ought—that I must think of returning to my parents."

His dark eyes flashed fire. "That was not my meaning, Lucia. When we left home, your father and mother gave you to me. Your own wishes ratified the bond. Have I ever given you cause to wish it cancelled?"

"No," I said trembling, almost weeping. "I have been only too happy. I am afraid I am very unfit to live at home. But I must try to accustom myself to the position of an English farmer's daughter."

"That is absolutely and entirely out of the question," he said; "besides, I cannot part with you. Have you forgotten that angel's last words?"

I was dreadfully agitated. Julia with her dying breath had conjured me never to leave her father. I scarcely remembered what I had said. I did not know that he had heard what passed between us. I could not answer him.

"Lucia," he said, coming nearer to me, "you promised my dying child that you would never forsake me. At that moment, I scarcely thought what it was you were saying. I ought to have prevented your making a vow which circumstances have rendered so solemn; but I candidly confess that all my thoughts were wrapped up in my darling. It is different with me now. I do not love her less—neither of us can do that—but I love you more than all the world beside. Do you really wish to leave me?"

Closer and closer he drew me towards him as he spoke. I laid my head on his shoulder, and wept as if my heart would break.

It was the first caress he had given me. Even as a child, his manner to me had been always kind, but cold; and as a woman, he had always treated me with marked respect. Now I felt the wild throb of his heart beating against my own, the trembling of the hands that yet held me so firmly.

At last he released me. "Listen to me, Lucia," he said; "I have a plan to propose. You are too old to live with me as you have hitherto done like a daughter; but we cannot part—you know what my position was in England. Some years hence, I may return to that country, but not at present. Our travels are not ended. I mean to take you to see everything that is most remarkable in climes yet nearer to the sun than this romantic land. India, Persia, the isles of the Pacific, where the coral and madrepore glow under the waters like the flowers of earth—you shall see them all; but you must first become my wife."

He paused. I knew not what to answer. "I am not worthy," I said at last, as my old habits of respect and deference came back. "You have forgotten the difference there is between us in station."

"No," he said; "I remember it well. You must give up all for me, Lucia—father, mother, and all associates of your former life. You must relinquish the whole world for me. Can you do this?"

The half-smile with which he spoke reassured me. He went on speaking rapidly.

"Circumstances have occurred which suggested to me the plan I propose. There has been a mistake. Your name has been inserted in the public papers as the companion of my daughter not only in life, but in the grave. Your parents believe you to have perished. Their grief has no doubt been deep, but they have other children—time has alleviated their sorrow. I, Lucia, have no one but you."

He put into my hand a short letter from my uncle, a person entirely a stranger to me, inquiring into the circumstances of my supposed death, which was reported to have taken place at Seville, the result of a fever which had been raging there virulently. The writing was that of an entirely illiterate commonplace person, and the expression of feeling was trivial, and by no means calculated to impress me as, no doubt, the merest sentence in the handwriting of one of my own parents would have done. I gave it back in silence.

"You see they have already reconciled themselves to their loss. For me, it would be a life-long sorrow. Lucia, you must not leave me. If we ever return to England, no one will know you. Should we ever revisit Fairholme, my foreign wife would never be recognised as the little uneducated country-girl I took away with me. You cannot be again what you were then. Let the past be obliterated for ever."

I cannot recall the arguments by which he won me over to his wishes. After all, his task was not so difficult as might be supposed, for I was in the habit of obeying him implicitly, and I had no friends to consult. It would have been impossible for me to remain with him longer except as his wife; and when he bent his whole soul to the effort of winning my affections, I could not oppose that irresistible will.

I daresay there were rejoicings in the place where I was born when the news arrived that the squire had married again; but no one dreamed that the old couple living at the Home Farm had any connection with his newly chosen bride. No congratulations met us, no crowd waited at the door of the foreign chapel, into which we walked almost alone. Nevertheless, my husband's second marriage was a happy one.

I had not much time given me for reflection. Those who sojourn as we did, year after year in foreign lands, changing their abode whenever its novelties are exhausted, have not the same associations to revive old feelings and reawaken conscience as the dwellers in English homes, where church-bells and village sights and sounds, repeated day by day and week after week, ring in our ears and pass before our eyes.

The cataracts and temples of the Nile, as we dreamily floated on its current, or stemmed the rapids, the gorgeous sunsets, the golden moonlights of the tropics, the tread of the camel, the languid motion of the palanquin, the caves of Ellora, the shifting sands of the desert—were familiar objects to me in the swiftly passing years, crowded with incident and adventure, during which we travelled together over Egypt, and Syria, and finally rested from our wanderings among English people, hearing our own language with delight, in the Indian cities of palaces. I do not think that I felt any misgivings respecting the step I had taken during several happy years after our marriage—not, indeed, until I began to perceive in my husband a yearning desire to return to England. Our children were suffering from the Indian climate. We must send or take our little boy and his sister to England. When I saw which way the inclination

which had so long guided my own pointed, I did not interpose any obstacle to the fulfilment of my husband's wishes; but now that I was a mother, I began to tremble lest my own misconduct in deceiving and forsaking my parents should be visited upon me through my children.

I scarcely realised what the return to my birthplace would cost me until, after more than twenty years of absence, I saw the oaks of Fairholme crowning the hill down which lay the road to the old Hall. The western heavens were flushed with crimson, and the reflection of the sunset glowed on the long range of upper windows. Two of these belonged to the room which had been Julia's nursery. I almost fancied that I saw her little childish face at the window looking out for me, as she had done a hundred times when I was on my way from the farm to the great house to play with her.

My hand was firmly clasped in my husband's. There was no one with us in the carriage. Our two children were with their ayahs in the old-fashioned family coach which had been sent to meet us at the town near our home. Our arrival had been only announced that morning; nevertheless, the whole village was astir to receive us. My husband returned the cordial welcoming of his humble neighbours with courtesy. His manners were certainly much softened. As for me, I shrank back, ashamed of being seen; unconvinced, as the old home-feelings rushed, for the first time for many years, upon me, how impossible it was that even my own parents should recognise me.

The climax of my suffering came when the carriage swept round the corner, and the last house in the long straggling village, the thatched roof and casement windows, the little garden, gay with summer flowers, with the path to the door through its centre, lay before me. I scarcely breathed till I had passed it; but my parents were old now. No one came out from that house to gaze at us.

The foreign lady, as my own people called me, was forgiven for not returning their greetings. When we stopped at our own door, and I forgot myself for a moment in my anxiety about the children's arrival, raising my veil for the first time that afternoon to look out for them, a loud hurrah rent the air. My husband drew my arm within his own, and stood calmly and collectedly on the steps under the portico, thanking the tenantry for their kind reception, and inviting them to regale themselves in the park, where tables were ordered to be laid out immediately. We heard them shouting, and drinking our healths and that of the children, after we had gone indoors, and while the nurses were preparing to lay my tired little ones in the beds where Julia and I had often slept side-by-side, when any fancy of hers, or inclement weather, detained me at the great house.

I could not close my eyes when I lay down that night. A thousand times I wished myself a child again, sleeping within the little chintz-patterned bed-curtains at the farm. How I longed to run up the hill, and throw my arms round my mother's neck, and to hear the homely jests, which sometimes used to make me angry when my father spoke, after the soft language of the inmates of the Hall! Ah, I would have given the world to climb upon his knee, and hear him call me his own dear little Lucy, and bid me not to be set up with the presents and compliments which I was but too fond of boasting about when I returned from the Hall.

I saw my parents for the first time in church. Their pew was not far from us. The silver-haired yeoman stood aside to let me pass. I bent my head reverentially. How little did he think that he had made way for his own daughter! I remembered the corner where I used to sit in their large square seat, the pattern of diamonds on the carpet that I used to

count, my mother's black silk dress—it could not be the same, but the make was scarcely altered. She had not used spectacles formerly; but how my eyes grew dim as I watched her wiping my father's glasses and her own, and finding the places in the large old Bible and Prayer-book, which had been laid on the high desk, formed by the top of the pew, Sunday after Sunday, for more years than I could remember.

The magnitude of the fault I had committed came vividly before me as I looked at that dear old couple. My husband watched me anxiously. I do not know what were his feelings, but I believe them to have been that, if it were to be done again, he would not have brought his wife to Fairholme.

Though none of the domestics who had gone abroad with their master returned with us to England, very little change had taken place in the establishment maintained at home, beyond the inevitable alteration produced by our long absence. Time had laid a gentle hand on the still comely housekeeper. She seemed to me so like the image which I had retained of her in my mind ever since she used to feed Julia and me with sweet-cakes in her pleasant room, that I trembled lest she should recognise me; but in the pale, slender woman of three-and-thirty, with a skin darkened by the hot sunshine of warmer skies than hung over the Fairholme oaks, there was little to remind her of the rosy, fair-haired English child who had been her young mistress's playfellow.

My silence was construed into ignorance of my native language. I had unconsciously, during our long residence abroad, acquired a foreign idiom; and the intelligence that their new lady was an Italian, had been carefully instilled into the minds of all.

My evident emotion had gained for me their favour. The few words I uttered hesitatingly, could scarcely be otherwise than gracious, when among those present there was not one who had not, on many occasions, shewn me kindness. There was Hillary, the old gardener, who used to let me steal his flowers, and would load me with fruit to set out our desserts: there was Prior, the coachman; how often he had carried me in, in wet weather, through the mud to spend the afternoon with Julia in the long gallery where we played battledoor and shuttlecock, when, in the short, cold winter days, she was not permitted to leave the house.

Our children did not gain strength as rapidly as we expected. As for me, I never left the house, except to walk in the flower-garden at the back, where, in former days, I used to draw Julia up and down in the little carriage. The smoke rising from the chimneys of the farm on the hill seemed a constant reproach to me, but I dared not disobey my husband. I was more cut off from my parents now than I had felt when the sea first flowed between us.

The master was just the same as ever, the villagers said. If there was any change in his appearance, it was for the better. He certainly looked happier than formerly, when we first came home, but gradually his cheerfulness forsook him. Our boy, the darling of our vain hearts, inherited Julia's delicacy of constitution. Day after day, we saw him wasting away before our eyes. Even my anxiety to ask forgiveness of my parents was forgotten. Night after night, hour by hour, I watched over him, but his days were numbered. When the spring-flowers came out, in the season when the sun shone warmly, and the winds were cutting, we lost him. Then my little fairy girl began to fade away. She pined after her brother, wanting me to fetch him back to play with her. I believe that my anxiety about her kept me from feeling my first great loss as I should have done. I seemed to lose my boy over again, when, in the summer heat, she was laid low. There is nothing but the grave under the yew-trees in Fairholme

churchyard left to me of my two eldest darlings—my little dark-haired Indian children.

We went away again for more than two years, travelling over different parts of England. When I returned to Fairholme, I was expecting soon to become once more a mother. How well I remembered the silencing of the church-bells, the disappointment of the villagers when Julia was born. Was the same scene to be acted over again? Was it fated that there should be no heir to Fairholme?

I felt in my heart that I deserved no better fortune as I lay back in the carriage faint and desponding; I could not even return the fond pressure of my husband's hand when the Fairholme oaks came once again in sight.

'Send for her,' I said faintly. 'I will not betray your secret; but let me have my own mother to tend me in my trial-hour. I am so changed, she will never recognise me.'

My husband did not oppose my wishes; and, a week afterwards, I was in my chamber at the hall, conscious of nothing but that my own parent was watching over me. She remembered that the squire's first wife had praised her skill as a tender of the sick, and imagined this to be the cause of the urgent request that she would come to the foreign lady. When my babe was born, my mother's arms received the young heir of Fairholme. This time, the church-bells rang their merriest peal, and, as I lay in my bed, I could see the red glow of the bonfires on the hill-top, under the broad canopy of the Fairholme oaks, and against the gray evening sky.

When my husband looked down fondly upon me, when I raised the coverlet from the brow of his little son, I do not think there was anything in the world he would have refused me.

As he stooped to kiss me, I drew his haughty head down, near, and yet nearer to me.

'Shall we risk losing him too, Augustus? Must pride always come between us and our darlings and Heaven's favour? Am I not your wife? What matters it how lowly I was born? You have raised me to your own station. Let my own mother's blessing and forgiveness hallow the birthday of our son. We shall never keep him with us if we do not humble ourselves before God.'

A passionate flush did cross my husband's brow; but it soon passed away. I have never seen a shadow of anger on it since; and our boy is a noble little fellow, full of health and strength, the very pride and joy of our hearts. Is it because when we thanked our Maker for giving him to us, we acknowledged our errors, and craved forgiveness, making such restitution as lay in our power for the sorrow our deception had caused in those honest hearts?

I am not ashamed to face the light of day now. I no longer seek to conceal my features, and feel my voice shake if I trust myself to speak within sight and hearing of my kindred. My family have never presumed on the discovery that their long-lost darling is the lady of the manor; nor has my husband ever had reason to regret that he yielded to my wish, and himself placed our baby in my own mother's arms, entreating her to ease my heart by her blessing and forgiveness.

We have several children now, and the Hall is very far from heirless. Their glad voices sound under the ancient oaks on the braes and in the hollows, and wake the echoes in the old garden at the farm where I used to play in my childhood. There is a glad light in my mother's eyes, which I missed when I first came back from my wanderings. My father's step is firmer; and though they visit us less often than we could wish, there is always a place and a welcome for my parents at the old Hall of Fairholme,

where their descendants are growing to more vigorous manhood, perhaps from the infusion into their somewhat sluggish veins, of the stalwart strength and sturdy honesty of the British yeoman.

THE PORT OF THE WORLD.

As the biography of a 'Hero,' a Type of his Class, is above all others interesting and significant, so a full account of the most flourishing Port of England, as a Representative City, an illustration of the magnitude of our Commerce, cannot but have its value too. The town of Liverpool has been lately fixed upon by a writer of this kind of biography,* and he could hardly have made a better choice. In 1857, very nearly one half of the whole products of British industry exported to foreign countries and the colonies were shipped at Liverpool—that is to say, out of 122 millions, articles to the value of 55 millions were exported from that place; about half that amount from London; about 16 millions from Hull; about 5 millions from Glasgow; and about 2 millions from Southampton. The aggregate value of the imports and exports of Liverpool is upwards of 100 millions *per annum*. The imports principally consist—although of course there is a long list of miscellaneous articles—of the raw materials of the chief manufactures carried on in Lancashire, Cheshire, and Yorkshire; of grain, flour, and provisions; and of timber for the construction of warehouses and ships. The exports are chiefly manufactured goods. The population within four miles of the Liverpool Exchange at the present time, is about 600,000 souls, and the rate of annual increase about 10,000. The amount of property and income-tax paid by them yearly is greater than that by any other city in the United Kingdom, except the metropolis, and amounted, in 1857, to upwards of 7 millions. The amount of ship-tonnage registered at, and belonging to this port, was, in the same year, 936,022, being greater by 76,882 tons than that of London itself.

The number of vessels engaged in the foreign and colonial trade which entered the port during the same period was 4528, and the number which cleared out was 5003; of vessels in the coasting trade, 9677 entered, and 10,509 cleared out; while the total amount of tonnage, in and out, was upwards of Nine Million tons!

Of the vessels which arrived in Liverpool from abroad in 1857—which is the last year for which we have an official return—the United States sent by far the largest and the most numerous; namely, 934 ships, of an average burden of more than 1000 tons.† The trade which seems to be of the smallest value is that with Tunis and the Burman empire, which sent only one ship each. Of those countries which the present war is likely to seriously affect, 174 came from the Italian states; 71 from the northern, and 31 from the southern ports of Russia; and 317 from France. Of the vessels which cleared out from Liverpool, 842 went to the United States; 3 to Tunis, and again 1 only to Burmah, which we will hope was not the same going back again; to the Italian states, 250; to Russia, 289;

* *Liverpool in 1859.* By Thomas Baines. London: Longman. It is on board these American ships that the infamous brutalities occur which we so frequently read of in the reports from the Liverpool police-offices. In an able pamphlet lately addressed to Mr Whitbread, M. P., upon this subject, *By a Liverpool Merchant*, the causes of the want of redress which the unhappy victims almost always experience, are clearly explained, and the revision of our international laws with the United States insisted upon. The way in which the sailors are kidnapped at New York, or New Orleans, is remarkably simple: 'Induced to cross the river in a small boat, and thus brought on board by force,' is quite a common statement of the patients in hospital; or, sometimes, 'sent on board on business, and detained there.' From June 1857 to June 1858, there were no less than one hundred and thirty-five cases of men injured in American ships on the high seas in the Liverpool hospitals.

and to France, 241. These figures, which rather weary and perplex the uncommercial reader, are the very Poetry of Liverpool; the sort of numbers in which that city has lisped from her earliest years. We can easily imagine a sort of Epic feeling coming over her as she peruses her Dock returns, and finds herself stretching out her hand to make commercial amity with some new country yearly. Even we ourselves—the writer of this paper—who are by no means merchant-princes, experience a certain satisfaction in filling our mouths with these millions and millions, although, unfortunately, they do not belong to us. We should like to possess one of those half-dozen vessels bound for the Sandwich Islands, the inhabitants of which are fast losing their taste for Liverpool sailor *au naturel*; or one of those two that are off to the Cape de Verdes, whose name arouses within us a tender feeling born of the geographical associations of our childhood; and we are truly astonished and grieved to see that there is no craft destined for Juan Fernandez with arms, and provisions, and carpenters' tools, sent by Mr R. Crusoe, merchant, for the benefit of his Spaniards in that island, and consigned to the care of Messrs Bright, Gibbs, and Company, in the usual way.

Another great branch of the shipping business of Liverpool, and one certainly not inferior in importance even to its Trade, is the conveyance of emigrants to foreign and colonial countries. The tide of even German emigration now flows through England, and escapes through Liverpool in preference to Hamburg and Bremen. Of the 212,875 British emigrants in 1857, nearly 156,000 sailed from this port. As an illustration of the degree of popularity enjoyed by each country in the eyes of those who are looking for a new home, the United States attracted 126,905 of the above number; British America, 21,001; and Australia, 61,248; while all other places together—of which South Africa had far the greatest proportion—could only boast of 3721. At the meeting of the Social Science Association in Liverpool, it was stated that the total number of emigrants who had left the shores of Great Britain from 1815 to 1857 amounted to upwards of four millions and a half. It surely, therefore, becomes of enormous consequence that we should conciliate by all means such a mighty nation as this, and that, at least, the last recollections of Old England should be made pleasant and grateful to them by the paternal care of its government with respect to their safe and healthy transit. There are no less than three lines of steam-ships from Liverpool to North America; and as there has been much dispute about the comparative length of the eastern and western passages across the Atlantic, by paddle and screw, it may be interesting to know the facts. During 1858, there were made 281 North Atlantic voyages by mail and passenger steamers. The average length of the eastern passages, from New York to Liverpool, was, by Cunard's line, 10 days 20 hours; by Collins', 11 days 4 hours; and by Liverpool screws, 13 days 3 hours. The average of their western passages, from Liverpool to New York, was, by Cunard's line, 12 days 13 hours; by Collins', 14 days 16 hours; and by Liverpool screws, 13 days 21 hours. Upwards of 50,000 persons were carried across the North Atlantic during this period, and paid £800,000 passage-money; and although nearly 1 per cent. of these lost their lives, it was by reason of a very exceptional misfortune, the burning of the *Austria* (Hamburg steamer). In safety, as well as in speed, the Liverpool steam-craft have no superiors. The passenger-traffic to Australia and New Zealand is mostly carried on by clipper sailing-vessels.

The great feather in the cap of Liverpool, the enormous plume of feathers, rather, of which she is wont with reason to boast, is of course her Docks.

When the Egerton Dock, and a portion of the Great Float, which are now in course of reconstruction, are completed, there will be no less than Four Hundred Acres of water-space within the docks of the Mersey. They run from north to south a distance of five miles on the Liverpool side of the river, and from east to west a distance of two miles on the Birkenhead side. A dock of four acres, large enough to receive 100 small vessels, and yielding a revenue of only six hundred a year, was the germ from which this unrivalled undertaking has sprung. The revenue of the Wellington alone, by no means the largest of the present docks, and containing but 7 acres 4120 square yards, amounted in 1858 to nearly £18,000! The sea-wall along the Liverpool side of the Mersey, by which the shipping in the long line of docks is preserved from wind and storm, is one of the greatest works of any age. 'It was necessary that this wall should be long enough to protect the whole line of docks; that the foundations should be sunk to such a depth as to resist the undermining influence of the stream; that it should be strong enough to resist the violence of the greatest storms; and that it should be sufficiently lofty to beat off the highest waves: and all these objects have been attained. The present length of this sea-wall is 9700 yards, or upwards of five miles; its average thickness is 11 feet; its average height from the foundations is 40 feet. The older part of the sea-wall is formed of red sandstone, but the modern is faced on the upper part with Scottish granite. The mortar is formed from the lime of the Halkin Mountain, in North Wales.'

'In erecting the sea-wall in front of the Liverpool Docks, great difficulties had to be overcome in obtaining a solid foundation. The foundation in front of the Prince's Dock, in the narrowest part of the river, and that in which the currents are strongest, had to be laid on great balks of timber, sunk to a depth which could be reached only twice in the year, and then only for a few days, namely, at the vernal and the autumnal equinoxes, when the tides ebb to the lowest point of the whole year. At one of those periods, in the month of March 1817, the low-water workings were entirely prevented by the tempestuousness of the weather, and nothing could be done, at that part of the foundation, until the end of September and the beginning of October. Fortunately, the weather was favourable at that time, and six courses of balks were laid, extending 105 yards in length. It was thus that a foundation was slowly gained, which has since defied the violence of storms, and the constant action of the most rapid currents. Similar difficulties were met with in obtaining a solid foundation at other points. At the river-entrance of the George's Basin it was necessary to form a foundation by driving piles, to a great depth, through a quicksand. The whole of the river-wall in front of the Albert Dock, and the piers of the double entrance from the river into the half-tide basin, are on a quicksand, and rest on 13,792 piles of beech-wood timber. The entrances to the Wellington Half-tide Dock are also built on long piles of beech-timber, driven down into a very deep peat-moss, in which the branches of trees, and the horns of the deer and the buffalo, have been found, far below the present line of low-water.'

Upwards of eighty pair of gigantic gates have been put up in the Liverpool Docks during the last thirty years, and some of these reach to the enormous and unparalleled width of 100 feet! This is more than double their original width; the necessity for the increase having of course arisen in the huge character of the present shipping; sailing-vessels of 1500, and steamers of upwards of 3000 tons requiring to be accommodated regularly in the Mersey basins. We cannot better close this brief account of the wonders of this Port of the World, than by the words of

Montalembert: 'Everywhere else, all the power and wealth of autocracy must avow themselves vanquished and eclipsed by that incomparable fecundity of private industry, which, in our time, without having been either incited or aided by the state, has hollowed out, in the port of Liverpool, floating docks six times as vast as those of Cherbourg.' The Frenchman suffered, as we know, for this admission, but he spoke the truth.

A D A M D E C R A P O N N E.

Of all the fair valleys of Provence, the valley of the Durance is the fairest; its thriving plantations of olives, its fields glowing with ripening harvests, its vineyards loaded with magnificent grapes, all arrest the admiration of the traveller, and cause him to exclaim at every step, 'Happy are the people born in such a land!' And yet, scarcely four centuries ago, this fair landscape was shrouded in the desolation of barrenness; a scorched and arid soil scarcely sufficed to supply the scanty food of a diminished and sickly population; while frequent inundations, first sweeping away the hard-won harvest of the labourer, and then settling down into pestilential marshes, produced an annual contagion that decimated the miserable inhabitants of this unhappy province.

It was thus, amidst scenes of poverty and disease, that Adam de Craponne passed his early years. He was born in the year 1521, at the village of Salon in Lower Provence, the descendant of a family formerly distinguished by brave and illustrious men, and still holding a respectable position amongst the provincial noblesse. The times had already passed away when a nobleman would have blushed to acknowledge any intimacy with the *clerkly* pursuits of reading or writing; public acts were no longer terminated by the invariable formula, 'et ledit seigneur a déclaré ne savoir signer, attendu sa qualité de gentilhomme'; still a remnant of this long-existing prejudice interdicted to the French nobility any proficiency in the arts and sciences, and Adam de Craponne shewed a spirit in advance of his time, when, even in childhood, he devoted himself with serious attention to the lessons of his masters. As his intellect developed, he felt it completely impossible to submit to this absurd law of opinion; having been born with a genius for mathematics, he had learned, before the age of fifteen, all that his provincial masters could teach him; and from that time pursued his problems unassisted, giving them a practical tendency by applying his acquirements to the science of hydraulic architecture, and soon gaining the reputation of being the best engineer of his day.

It was not without a motive that he had devoted himself to this pursuit. From earliest childhood, he had manifested the deepest tenderness of heart and sympathy with the sufferers around him; his childish dainties were always shared with his favoured children, and his mother could give him no greater reward than the power of relieving some object of distress encountered in his walks. Often she had been obliged to say: 'My child, we cannot relieve them all!' The words sank deep into his heart; they gave a direction to his studies, and laid the foundation of a project which became the day-dream of his life.

The most pressing evil in this dreary locality was the fever which annually wasted away the strength of the inhabitants, and desolated their homes. There were no sanitary commissions in those days to enlarge on the advantages of drainage; but it was obvious to the most uninstructed that, so long as the marsh of Frejus and its minor depositaries sent forth their pestilential emanations to meet the summer sun, that season must remain for them a sorrow instead of a joy. The evil and its cause were thus generally

recognised, but it devolved on our young philanthropist to devise the remedy. He devoted a considerable time to the different bearings of the case, took his levels with exactness, and counted the cost; then submitting his plan and his estimate to the leading engineers of the day, he was not only gratified by their cordial approbation of his talent, but also appreciating his generous motive, they transmitted the documents to Henry II., then reigning monarch of France; who, equally struck with the talents and the zeal of the young engineer, immediately authorised this important work, and confided the conduct of it to its warm-hearted originator.

We may well believe his heart was more touched with the good he had in view, than by any personal distinction. His name was on every lip; he was invited to court, and received with flattering notice: at a time when royal favour was all in all, he might easily have made his fortune; but he valued courtly smiles only as stepping-stones to further usefulness, and withdrew from them as much as possible, to devote his time to the studies necessary for maturing his plans. How easily in the present day an act of parliament would have authorised his undertaking, and a joint-stock company contributed the funds; but in those different times all depended on individual exertion and individual favour. The path to the noblest ends was a tortuous, and often a polluted one; the best and purest had to stoop to propitiate the vile; and six years of courtly life Adam had to endure in Paris, though he devoted every spare moment to his favourite pursuit.

When he returned to his early home, it was at the commencement of the hot season; and although the marsh no longer sent forth its fetid exhalations, still the picture of scanty crops, of poverty and discontent, to which he had been early accustomed, and had never forgotten during his long absence, seemed now heightened into tenfold wretchedness to his unaccustomed sight. He had been long entitled throughout the entire province 'the poor man's friend,' and soon found that this was not a mere honorary appellation. Each day some ruined householder would seek for aid at his door—either the heat had withered up their olives, or the expected harvest had perished, or the *mistral* had scattered the almond blossoms, and the untimely fruit lay on the ground. Again and again his mother's words would recur to his memory: 'How can I relieve them all?' and again, while his purse was never closed, and his sympathy ever ready to encourage the desponding, his own heart was kept from sinking by the remembrance of his early day-dream, and by the consciousness that he had yet the power to realise it.

We may image him, at the close of one of those long weary summer-days, worn out and dispirited by his fruitless labours of love. He sits beside his open casement; the hot night-air brings no refreshment to his brow; he leans his head upon his hand, sadly thinking of all the scenes he has witnessed throughout the day; his musings become more rapt; they take a different turn; he raises his head, with a smile, his eye brightens, he starts to his feet—what music is in his ear? it is 'as the sound of many waters'; he calls for his lamp, seizes his pen, and, convinced that the right hour is come, with the fervid eloquence of a heart profoundly touched, he details the miseries of the district to his king, dwells upon their baneful influence on the moral as well as physical wellbeing of the people, relates how the hardy labourer has become a dangerous and reckless robber; and again submitting his plan, supplicates for the means to snatch his fellow-countrymen from ruin. According to the fashion of the time, he made assurance doubly sure by also addressing himself to Ambrose Paré, the king's physician, and to Diana of

Poitiers, to whom he had rendered some personal service while at court.

But courtiers are faithless to a proverb, and neither sovereign nor subordinates justified the confidence Craponne had placed in them. After weeks of unaccountable delay, instead of the assistance on which he had so confidently reckoned, he received from Henry II. a grant, in form of fief¹ to Adam de Craponne, gentleman of the town of Salon-en-Cran, of all rights and duties of octroi on the waters of the Durance, which should henceforth flow through his canal.²

Notwithstanding the bitterness of this disappointment, Adam would not now allow himself to be disheartened, and no longer hoping for royal aid to forward his great design, he resolved to take it on himself, and to devote his entire time and fortune to its accomplishment.

Adam de Craponne was so generally beloved that this enterprise, visionary as it may have seemed, became possible for him. He assembled the heads of families whom he had so often succoured, imparted to them his cherished project, and claimed their assistance. They listened with profound respect and gratitude; hardly had he concluded, when hundreds of voices were raised in acclamation and thankful acceptance of his offers; hundreds of stout arms were proffered for his service; and encouraging his army of labourers by his immediate example, he forthwith seized a spade, and turning the first sod, entered on the realisation of his life-long dream.

Everywhere willing hands were at his disposal; even a band of robbers who had for some time ravaged the country, driven to crime through destitution rather than deliberate choice, being offered a fair recompense for their labour, gladly exchanged the poniard and musket for the shovel and spade, thus becoming useful members of the community; and so the work went on. But Craponne had now to encounter a different class of individuals. He had been in treaty with the neighbouring communes and proprietors for the ground necessary for the canal; many, emulating his disinterestedness, had placed at his disposal the corner of a field or vineyard, an olive plantation, or an almond grove, through which the cutting should pass; but a far more numerous proprietary viewed the undertaking as an opportunity of gaining ready money, and Adam, determined in the first instance to liquidate the hire of his workmen, found himself called on to pay beforehand for the ground on which they were to work. He contemplated with terror the rapid diminution of his resources, but there was now no drawing back. To renounce his undertaking or to leave it unfinished would entail the loss of all he had expended, and in addition to his original motives, his honour was now involved in his success. Confident in his talents, and relying on his integrity, several farmers in the neighbourhood had advanced small loans towards the work, and Adam knew that he could now only fulfil his engagements to them by completing the work, and thus rendering the government grant of its profits available.

In this extremity, he again had recourse to Henry, and to the parliament; but from both those powers he received good wishes and congratulations, and nothing more. The nobility of the province shewed no greater generosity; each individual lauded his disinterestedness to the skies, his goodness, his genius, but not one contributed the smallest offering to his undertaking. Nothing daunted, Adam passed on to the *bourgeoisie*, and having vainly endeavoured to enlist their feelings of honour and humanity in favour of his work, he tried them on the score of interest, promising to recompense a hundredfold whoever furnished him with the means of completing it; but a smile and a shrug was all 'the generous enthusiast' could obtain.

There still remained a château and small demesne, descended from his ancestors, and his last and most cherished possession. It was sold; and by this sacrifice, after five years of losses, privations, and discouragement, still never faltering, never relinquishing hope, he reached the goal—the canal was completed at length. What, then, were all his past troubles? They only served to enhance the rapture of that crowning day when the sparkling waters of the Durance, precipitating themselves into their new bed, flowed along through the sterile wastes they were so soon to transform into a blooming garden, waving with golden corn, glowing with sunny fruits.

The entire population from Cadene to Berre, a distance of thirty leagues, pressed along the banks of the canal, each individual anticipating the arrival of the waters with joyous acclamations. At Salon, all the clergy, the chapter of St Laurent, and the brotherhood of penitents, formed a procession to the bounds of the territory to bless this source of abundance, opened up by the Salois engineer. Following the different religious orders came the municipal corps, the sturdy labourers, the pale tradesmen, and then a crowd of women, children, and old men, all filled with wondering expectation, all resounding the praises of Adam de Craponne, as they mingled his name with the psalms they chanted in honour of God.

But they sought him in vain. As modest as he was gifted, the originator of all this happiness had stolen away from the triumph prepared for him. Concealed in the house of a relation, he beheld—himself unseen—the crowd pass by; and as each joyous burst of acclamation reached him, as he contemplated their enthusiastic gestures, he, who till then had known neither doubt nor fear, whom no obstacles could discourage, no disappointment unnerve—now, even amidst his well-founded confidence in his success, he felt a sudden thrill as he asked himself, could there be any failure after all? He knelt in fervent prayer, and with difficulty succeeded in surmounting his agitation. Just then, a shout rending the air proclaimed the arrival of the waters on the territory of Salon; borne with it on the breeze seemed to come the rushing sound of his former night-watch, now no fanciful illusion. Again he cast himself on his knees, rendering thanks to God as he exclaimed: 'From henceforth, no willing labourer shall want for bread.'

His prophecy was speedily realised. Hardly was the canal completed, when rippling streams on every side irrigated the valley of La Cran, covering its barren soil with the richest verdure, and bringing life and fruitfulness to its trees. Thirty thousand four hundred and forty-nine hectares of unproductive soil, the property of eighteen communes, were soon transformed into a smiling landscape, and peopled with a robust and joyous peasantry, such as form its inhabitants at the present day.

Would that we could thus take our leave of Adam de Craponne; with the great wish of his heart fulfilled, enjoying the respect and gratitude he had so nobly won, and living on to an honoured old age, his days gliding peacefully along like the waters he had won from their troubled bed, amidst scenes of beauty and abundance; but this is not the world's way: its greatest benefactors have been fain to feel that here is not their rest, and that their happiness springs more from within than without. We have spoken of Adam's modest home at Salon: this house, his last remaining possession, bears a different aspect now. One by one, each heir-loom, each cherished memorial, each article of value, had been removed and sold, to meet some pressing exigency in his work. At last, the house itself was mortgaged for half its value, and now even a shelter within its walls is

dependent on his ability to pay punctually, or on the forbearance of his creditor. With all his calculating powers, it was not in Adam's power to estimate exactly the immense expenditure, or the sacrifices requisite to obtain funds: he had continued the work in faith and love, his mind fixed on the result, without a thought of his own future lot. Once embarked, he should continue at any cost; and thus to secure the co-operation of the proprietors along the canal, he was obliged to cede to them the privileges granted by royal favour, merely reserving a small revenue for himself, how often encroached on we may imagine, when the recipient was one who could never bear to exact a tribute from the poor man's olive-tree, or set a price on the water that refreshed his corn. He had erected corn and oil mills on different favourable sites, rationally expecting from their profits to meet his pecuniary engagements; but his creditors, well aware of the advantage within their grasp, allowed no time for them to work, and forced him to give these up to them also.

He was overwhelmed with law-proceedings, on account of certain informalities in the deeds of conveyance of the lands for the canal, so that, at length, harassed and weary of all this contention, he cut the Gordian-knot; and on condition of being relieved from all embarrassment, signed a deed of renunciation of all his rights and royalties in favour of his creditors, stipulating only that they should bind themselves to preserve the canal in good order—a superfluous clause, as it was their interest to do so—and receiving in return voluntary testimony to his worth and their ingratitude, in a small pension securing him barely a subsistence for life.

Yet they could not wring from him his brightest treasure—his accomplished work: the smiling harvests, the clustering vines, were all his own in the noblest sense, meeting his eyes on every side, and filling his heart with gladness; the poor of the land were his children, and to them he had secured its fertility as a heritage for ever. We may almost imagine the quiet smile with which he signed the deed which thenceforth shifted all the trouble on his persecutors, and left him nothing but the joy. From that moment he returned in peace to his books and to the study of various similar projects of usefulness, tracing, amongst other plans, the line of the canal of Languedoc, a precious document in after-years to Paul Riquet, who had the glory of executing this great work.

He was thus happily occupied when he received a royal command to proceed instantly to Nantes, and report on some public works then under the execution of Italian engineers. Information had been given that the work was defective in foundation and construction, and its fate was to depend on Adam's decision. He quitted his beloved retirement with regret; but there was no disobeying the king's mandate. At a glance, he perceived that the foreign engineers were in fault, and frankly told them so, adding with pain the king's order, that the fortress should be demolished. The Italians tried all their arts of persuasion to induce him to alter his decision, endeavouring to work on his well-known humanity by representing the injury this report would inflict on their character and future career. But he could not traffic with his conscience, though he endeavoured to mitigate the result of his sentence by promising his interest to procure them employment on another work.

This, however, was not what the Italians required; rendered exigent by the patronage of Catherine de Medicis, and determined not to be foiled, they judged of Adam's character by their own, and having heard of his pecuniary difficulties, dared to offer him a considerable sum of money as an inducement to alter

his report. He was seized with violent indignation at this unworthy proposal, but, mastering his feelings, he calmly replied: 'Had you known anything of my life, you would have spared me this insult, for then you would have been aware that gold has no value in my eyes, unless it is honourably acquired and spent in the cause of humanity. I must obey my orders, and unless monsieur the governor, who is daily expected from Paris, brings contrary directions, the citadel must be demolished.'

The governor of Brittany had been invited to court, along with the other provincial governors, to assist at the fêtes given in honour of the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth with the king of Spain. Their fatal termination is well known; at a tournament, Henry II. received a wound from the lance of the Comte de Montgomery, of which he expired in a few hours. Catherine de Medicis being declared regent, ordered the governors to return immediately to their provinces, to be on the spot in case of any seditious movement; and on the very evening of the day on which Craponne had held the above conversation with the Italian engineers, he received the news of the death of his royal patron, and of the governor's return.

No contrary directions had been received, and, according to the late king's command, an order was issued to commence the necessary demolition on the following day. The engineers having no further hope, conceived the horrible idea of revenging themselves on him whom they could not corrupt. The crime of poisoning, hitherto almost unknown in France, was now become frequent, the Italians by whom Catherine de Medicis was surrounded having introduced this perfidious weapon of destruction.

Thus the engineers, having once entertained the idea of vengeance, considered this their surest means; and visiting Craponne on pretence of ascertaining the governor's decision, they contrived an interview with his servant, and gained her over to their designs. The wretched woman, fascinated by the glittering bribe they spread before her eyes, consented to mix the poison in her master's drink, and, after a few hours of intense suffering, the beloved benefactor of Provence breathed his last in the fiftieth year of his age; his last words were of forgiveness of his murderers.

As may be supposed, he died unmarried; the name has since existed only in the grateful memory of his country. King Henry III. took the Canal de Craponne under his especial patronage, and decreed that none of the lands fertilised by its waters should be taxed more heavily than heretofore. Thus, for more than three centuries, a new life has been given to that locality. Thanks to 'the poor man's friend,' though by the sacrifice of all he possessed, magnificent harvests now wave on that soil formerly covered with weeds and briars; and the name of Craponne is preserved amidst the blessings of those he snatched from the horrors of want. In 1818, an inscription was engraved on the rock of Pie-Berand, where the waters of the Durance first flow into the canal; it recalls, in touching words, the former destitution of those countries, and the praise of him who fertilised them. In 1820, a subscription was opened, and a medal struck in his honour; it bears, on one side, a likeness of Adam de Craponne, and on the reverse this inscription:

Dix-huit communes des Bouches du Rhône
Lui doivent la fertilité de leur territoire.

Finally, now that each locality vies in rendering honour to its illustrious departed, it was only to be expected that the generous and devoted Craponne should not be forgotten in the tribute which posterity delights in paying. The communes watered by the

canal voting the requisite funds, a fountain, surmounted by a bust of Adam de Craponne, and remarkable for the elegance of its construction, and for the abundant flow of its waters, derived from the canal itself; now decorates his native town, and thus suitably perpetuates the memory of the benefactor of Provence.

HOW TO TURN AN HONEST PENNY.

'EUREKA! Eureka!' cried I, as I tied on my bonnet, and, braving a violent hail-storm, rushed down High Street. I was one of a *corps dramatique* who, for a month past, had been endeavouring to obtain a living in a city in the north of England, striving gallantly against the distaste of its wealthy aristocrats towards theatrical amusements, and the extreme poverty of its working-classes. The last plank to which we clung had just been shivered! Hitherto, we had persuaded ourselves—human nature will hope—that our benefit-nights would indemnify us for previous losses; but on assembling at rehearsal-time, we ascertained that our manager had 'flown away on the wings of the morning,' or, to speak less poetically, had left town by the 6 A.M. train, taking with him his scenery and wardrobe. Here was a blow! We were now completely on our beam-ends! What became of my fellow-performers, it is not the purpose of this paper to tell, neither had I opportunity of inquiry on that point, having sufficient food for the mind at that time in ruminating on my own individual difficulties. I was in a strange place, and moneyless, with no situation available for a circuit of sixty miles round; three weeks' rent were due, three young children were looking up to me confidingly for bread—this was the position in which I, their mother, found myself; how to get out of it was the important question which presented itself for consideration. I sat down to reflect; and casting my eyes on the floor—a habit to which I am prone in time of trouble—I perceived a scrap of newspaper lying at my feet; it had enveloped my last half-ounce of congou. Mechanically, I took it up and read it; it was a paragraph from a critique upon Mrs Dexter's lecture on Bloomerism. 'Eureka!' I had found it!—found the solution of a most uncomfortable riddle—I would lecture too! There were, to be sure, a few obstacles in the way, which, to a person in less desperate circumstances, might have appeared insurmountable; but I have ever proved that there is a world of truth and wisdom in the old familiar proverb, 'Heaven helps them who help themselves.'

Relying with implicit faith on this golden line, I resolved to surmount all difficulties. Summed up, these appeared to me the chief—first, I had no money to defray the incidental expenses; second, I had no lecture, and no data to aid me in the composition of one; third, it was very uncertain whether I could compose one, all my attempts in the way of pen-womanship having been confined to an epistolary correspondence; fourth, I knew nothing whatever about the new-fangled costume, and was, consequently, uncertain whether I ought to speak *pro* or *con*. Regardless of the driving hail, to which the thin texture of my old black mantle hardly served as a non-conductor, I scuttled along. Anon my steps were arrested by the welcome apparition of a glove-box in draper's window, bearing on the lid, a coloured lithograph of a veritable Bloomer. With an eye to business, I took stock of the costume; and with an intuitive dislike to the un-English-looking

pantalettes, resolved that my lecture should be *anti-Bloomer*.

My nerves were somewhat fluttered as I entered the shop of the printer who had been employed for the theatre,* but having introduced myself and explained my views, I requested to be informed what public institution would be best adapted to the occasion.

'There was but one,' he said, 'ever frequented by the *élite* of the city—a friend of his was its custodian.'

For this friend he sent post-haste, in order to consult him on the subject. He came. He was a loquacious hairdresser, who raised every objection to my project that lay in his power—he must have the fifteen shillings' rent before the doors could be opened.'

The printer, who was confident of a good attendance, proffered to become responsible for the amount demanded.

This objection removed, the hairdresser cudgelled his brains to find another; whilst I looked across the street at the large tickets ostentatiously displayed in the baker's window, reminding me that flour was three shillings per stone—of which interesting fact I was but too well aware.

'Pray, ma'am, is your lecture in favour of Bloomerism?'

'No, sir,' I replied; 'I take the other side of the question.'

I found that, with this unlucky answer, I had locked, double-locked, and bolted the doors of the Literary Institute against myself. The gentleman whose province was to deal with the outside of heads, instigated his belief that I was a fool; adding, that it was quite certain that, in less than three months, every woman in the United Kingdom would have taken to the new style. His surprise was extreme when he learned that the lecture was not yet in being. 'Who was to write it, then?—me?'

Being answered in the affirmative, he gave a significant glance of contempt at my shabby bonnet and muddy shoes, and, without further comment, walked away.

The friendly printer then advised me to try my fortune in a small town six miles off—Whiton-le-Brook, where, at Banks's Hotel, there was a commodious justice-room, which was frequently let for balls and concerts. Before I left the shop, I made out a copy of a bill, and gave an order for two hundred, to be printed immediately, and sent off to the bellman at Whiton, for distribution. I also wrote to the hotel-keeper, desiring him to let me have the justice-room for the Thursday evening (it was Tuesday when I wrote).

On my return home, I inspected the contents of my half-empty trunk, which bore strong marks of having sustained a protracted siege by the demon Poverty, who had thoroughly ransacked it, and borne off to temporary captivity its principal tenants—my best dresses. From what remained, I selected a black velvet robe, some remnants of satin, and a few other trifling articles, such as I fancied might be used with advantage for the dress. Then, committing my children to the care of my landlady, I set out to walk to Livingstone, some twelve miles distant, where I had an acquaintance, a young *modiste* of exquisite taste, who, retaining a grateful recollection of a few days' assistance that I had given her in the busy summer season, would, I knew, cut out my dress, and help me to make it. Margaret was delighted to see me, and prepared tea while I explained my project. After tea, the dress was cut out. We both set to work at it with right good-will; and in listening to my friend's cheering conversation, I almost forgot the fatigues of the day. At four in the morning,

so sleepy that we could no longer see to thread a needle, we retired to rest, rose again at seven, and stitched furiously until all was completed. A black velvet tunic, braided with blue satin ribbon, blue pantaloons and waistcoat, a black neck ribbon, a turn-over collar, white gauze scarf for the waist, and a white satin hat of prodigious magnitude, formed a very picturesque *toilette à la Bloomer*. Margaret declared that it was 'a love of a dress,' and wondered what I should find to say against it; and from the bottom of my heart I wished I could tell her.

After partaking of a hurried dinner, I turned my face homewards. A more windy and rainy afternoon I never encountered; it was near the close of November, and that proverbially dreary month did not belie its character. Quickly as the storm would permit, I trudged along, my bundle under my arm, my cherished satin hat pinned to the lining of my mantle. Every now and then I peeped to see that it was safe; but, behold, just as I got into the town, I found that it had come unfastened—it was gone! It was impossible to guess how many leagues the wind might have carried it. Search was useless, I knew; so, with a sigh of regret to its silent memory, I hastened home. My youngest darlings were snugly ensconced in their crib; the eldest boy was sitting up, keeping a good fire for 'poor mamma.' I am but slender person, of delicate health, and now that the necessity for immediate exertion was over, I felt that I was completely exhausted—spirit, not bodily strength, having supported me during the unwonted wear and tear of the past eight-and-forty hours. My landlady insisted on my going to bed, and taking a basin of gruel and nitre, to stave off the cold and hoarseness that already began to manifest themselves. I complied, and a short sleep refreshed my weary limbs. When I awoke, I resolved there and then to commence writing my lecture, so I lighted the gas, wrapped myself in my dressing-gown, and tried to compose my thoughts. Possessing no work on female costume, no books of any description, except a few plays and an old *Mangnall's Questions*, I had to draw heavy drafts on my imagination, my memory, and what little learning I had acquired during an eighteen months' residence at a tenth-rate boarding-school. A tolerable sentence occurred to me for the opening of my address, and having conquered the great difficulty of *beginning at the beginning*, my pen went jogging along pretty smoothly. A luminous idea just flashed across my mind, when out went the gas! My landlady had turned it off at the meter, little thinking how I was employed. 'Eh, bien! revenons à nos moutons,' said I, as I rummaged in the cupboard for a half-penny candle, by whose light I put my discourse into some frame before I again retired to rest. The next morning, I revised and copied—very roughly—what I had written overnight. I had also to fabricate another hat. The afternoon was clear and frosty; and with my eldest son, a boy of seven years old, to carry my parcel, and officiate as door-keeper, I walked to Whyton-le-Brook. The audience was both fashionable and numerous, and the night's receipts exceeded my most sanguine hopes. My hearers were liberal in the matter of laughter and applause; whether deserved or not, I cannot say, for all that I can remember of the lecture is, that it concluded somewhat after this fashion: 'Ladies, I merely assume the Bloomer garb in order to give you an opportunity of judging for yourselves whether you would choose to adopt it; for myself, believe me, I have not the slightest intention of wearing it, save on such occasions as this; and I do sincerely hope that in the present modest and becoming attire of Englishwomen (*N. B.* the crinolinomania had not then broken out!) that Mrs Dexter may not be *dexterous* enough to effect the revolution she anticipates; that Mrs Knight's

dark suggestions may be made light of; and that the American originator of this innovation may be left blooming alone! Then

The wide-frilled trousers,
The enormous hat, the 'broidered tunic,
Yea, Bloomerism itself, with all its trappings,
Shall dissolve, and, like other defunct fashions
Leave not a rag behind!

A few days afterwards, great was my surprise, on looking over the *Sunderland News* of December 3, 1850, to see a lengthy, humorous, clever, and, at the same time, most charitable review of the lecture. Encouraged by this, I lectured for five months on this subject, by which time it was losing its interest; and being then in a part of the country where I could easily procure a theatrical engagement, I resumed my usual employment. I cannot resist making mention of a few suggestions thrown out by friends in the course of my tour: one was, that I should introduce the song of 'Who dat knockin' at de door? De Bloomer'; another, that I should drag in texts of Scripture; and a third, that I should, towards the close of my discourse, by a special contrivance termed a *strip-dress*, appear instantaneously in a neat English garb. During my progress through the country, I made my courtesy to a great variety of audiences: to young girls at a boarding-school—to an assembly of Quaker ladies—to a large party of collegians and their relatives—and, at Snigg's Foot Inn, Ludgate Hill (a village in Northumberland), to a number of farmers, with their families and servants, who began to assemble full two hours before the time appointed, and who mustered in such force that the lady of the house sent the waiter with her compliments to the *Bloomerism*—meaning me!—and would she object to preach in the kitchen? there were so many hearers come that the big parlour wouldn't hold 'em.'

W A S T E.

THE troubled sea around this Isle of life,
Who dares explore?
Its waves of baffled love, of ceaseless strife,
Break on the shore,
All darkened with the Christ's antitheses,
Incarnate ills,
Whose miracles change health into disease,
Whose touching kills:

If these be not thy making, let them go,
Nor grieve too much;
Waste not thy strength in unavailing woe
For any such;
But—while the helping-hand, the guiding brain,
Are fully wrought,
And while the tears that fall for others' pain
Are seeds of thought—

Leave to a deeper Love the tears of care
Thou canst not dry;
Be tranquil, to tranquillity add prayer,
But no vain sigh.
Strength, ever grappling with all human woes,
Soon loses breath;
But Strength, requickened by divine repose,
Endures till death.

R. R.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by WILLIAM ROBERTSON, 23 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.